

Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY HUGH L. FRY.

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TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
At Two Dollars a Year,
Payable in Advance.

No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash.
Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to parties who advertise by the year.

Persons sending advertisements should mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.

Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.

Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

A young English baronet is about to marry a waitress in a Glasgow restaurant.

New York's new post office is to cover two acres of ground.

Sailors in the French navy must shave their mustaches.

A. T. Stewart, the New York merchant, employs Judge Hilton to take entire charge of his legal business at a salary of \$25,000 a year.

A story is told of a jolly good fellow who resided in Chicago about four years, and while on an Eastern visit, was asked how he liked the water out West. "By George, Mr. —," he said, after a moment's reflection, "I never thought to try it!"

A Boston Chap.—A Boston apothecary's assistant recently put up a prescription, and found that his customer had passed on him a counterfeit twenty-five cent piece and a five cent bit. He told his employer. "Never mind," said the philosophic Yankee, "if the five cent bit is good there's a clean profit of three cents."

The Illinois State Register says that during the war the Quartermaster's Department, instructed by the nigger loving authority at Washington, paid negro teamsters twenty-five dollars per month and rations, while white soldiers detailed for duty as teamsters were only paid sixteen dollars and rations. An Illinois soldier put on duty as mule-whacker, sent a written application to his captain "to be promoted as nigger by brevet, and asking that the President order him on duty with pay in accordance with his rank."

At a club, of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite, and as fierce a friend of the cause of William III., were arguing noisily, and disturbing his less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table, and roared at his adversary: "I tell you what it is, sir, I spit upon your King William!" The friend of the Prince of Orange was not to be outmastered by mere lungs. He rose and roared back to the Jacobite: "And I, sir, spit upon your James the Second!" Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, hereupon rung the bell and shouted: "Waiter, spittoons for two!"

A Washington letter to the Chicago Times has the following: What will honest and honorable people say when I tell them that, at this moment, the President has a letter from General Butler in his possession, asking to be appointed Secretary of War? In this letter, General Butler assures the President that he will use the office in helping him to restore the old Democratic party, to which himself and the President once belonged, to power. If General Butler denies that he wrote such a letter, the President is ready to produce it at any time.

A Tax-Ridden People.—The St. Louis Democrat, a Radical paper, declares that industry languishes, and the whole country suffers because of the burden of taxation.

"They are taxed on their clothing, their meat and their bread, on their carpets, their dishes, their table and bed, on their tea and their coffee, their fuel and lights; they are taxed so severely they can't sleep 'o nights. They are taxed on their offices, stores and their shops, on their stoves, their wash-tubs, their brooms and their mops, on their shrouds and their tombstones, and after they die, they are taxed on the coffins in which they must lie. They are stamped on their mortgages, notes, checks and bills, on their deeds, on their contracts, and on their last wills; and the 'Star Spangled Banner' mourning doth wave, o'er the wealth of the nation stamped in the grave. They are taxed on all goods by kind Providence given; they are taxed on the Bible that points them to Heaven, and when they ascend to their heavenly goal, they would, if they could, stick stamps on their soul!"

Short Paragraphs.

A round of pleasure for the young—A plumpudding.

A bridal party in Detroit weighs 550 pounds. What an amount of happiness!

Accounts from the maple orchards predict a large amount of sugar this spring.

The exceedingly short coats worn nowadays might be called petty-coats.

Flesh persons may become lean by eating slate pencils. It reduces them to a mere cipher.

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten did not set well. Probably, said Jenkins, it was not a hen turkey.

The latest fashion in ear-rings in Paris are little globules of rock-crystal, filled with water and miniature sea-fishes and molluscs.

The diminution of the size of the protuberance at the back of ladies' heads has afforded abundance of material for the stuffing of pineushions.

A large farm can be bought in South Carolina for the price of a spring overcoat in Boston.

A little Swedish girl was walking with her father one night under the starry sky, intently meditating upon the glories of heaven. At last she said, "Father I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?"

The word "Tariff" comes from the old Moorish fortress of Tarifa, on a promontory at the straits of Gibraltar. The Moors occupying this fortress exacted a duty on all merchandise coming in or going out of the Mediterranean Sea.

The President's contribution toward the inflation of the currency during the last year or two, consists in the pardon of over a hundred counterfeiters.

Between eighty and ninety million pins can be made in a day of ten hours by a machine lately completed by Hoxie & Tolles, of Hartford, Connecticut.

General Chambers, of Louisville, had a daughter born to him on his 74th birthday, and the members of the bar expressed their admiration by presenting him with a silver cup.

One of the wealthiest men in Canada it is said has a quarter of a million of pounds sterling, a large proportion of his property, invested in England at one per cent. He made the investment during the first Fenian fright, and is now endeavoring to get the interest increased.

According to M. du Chailu, the cannibal tribes of Africa never waste a corpse of one of their own number, although they are never eaten by any of the family of which they were formerly members. Women are among them, as with us, considered tenderest (though they view this qualification in a carnivorous light,) little girls are splendid, small boys are thought to be not bad eating, but old men are deemed tough.

"That man, said Sidney Smith, 'is not the discoverer of art who first says the thing; but he who says it so long, so loud, and so clearly, that he compels mankind to hear him.'"

How admirable is that religion which, while it seems to have in view only the felicity of another world, is at the same time the highest happiness of this!

"Biddy," said O'Mulligan to his wife, "it's a cowl'd ye have. A drop of the cruther 'ud do ye no harm." "Oh hone," said Biddy, "I've taken the plidge; but you can mix a drink, Jimmy, an' forc' me to swally it."

An irrepressibly boy of five years, who was always compelled to keep quiet on Sunday, having grown so inexpressibly weary towards the close of a Sabbath-day, frankly and honestly approached his excellent, but rather over-strict father, and gravely said: "Pa, let's have some spiritual fun." This was too much, not only for the gravity, but also for the strictness of the father; and for once he "let nater caper" till bed-time.

A clothes line attached to a high chimney on a house-top in Lee, Massachusetts, recently shrank so much from being wet, that it pulled the chimney down, smashing in the ceiling below.

There is a story of a celebrated French preacher, who, on delivering a sermon on the duty of wives, said: "I see opposite me in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of the sin of disobedience to her husband; and in order to point her out to universal condemnation, I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted up his book, and every female head was instantly lowered.

MYSTERY IN SEVIER COUNTY.

Information Wanted.

From the Press and Herald.]

STRAWBERRY PLAINS, April 20, 1868.

"Star Spangled Banner, long may she float, O'er the little black sheep and the big horned goat."

Capital poetry, Mr. Editor, and very suggestive too. Well, I want to tell you about the trouble and perplexity we are all in just at this time. I was over at our little town the other day and met up with a friend, the Postmaster, who had just returned from Dandridge. I asked him the news, and he told me that while at Dandridge he had a private conversation with the Clerk of the County Court, who told him that the Legislature of Tennessee had been in session, and that it had passed a great many new and strange laws, and as a proof showed him a large printed book, which he said was filled with new law. The Clerk was then kind enough to open the book and read among other things the new tax law, how that we must pay twice as often as heretofore and that if we failed to pay before due 2 1/2 per cent would be added, and if not paid for in six months 10 per cent, and, further, if we failed to pay entirely, the amount due would be doubled twice a year until we died, when they would sell our birthright. This last provision, he said, was made in mercy for rebels, who might wish to become citizens again. I did not think much about the new laws until after I started home when I saw on every shop door, and at every cross roads the following legal notice, the original of one of which is enclosed. This copy I took off an oak tree, where it was fastened with horse-shoe nails.

NOTICE.

We the undersigned commissioners for Sevier County will attend at 8 o'clock P.M. on the 6th & 7th days of May next for the purpose of Examining the claims of the citizens for the losses incurred by the General Government & also losses incurred by the Rebels all of which will be According to the Act of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee passed February the 19th 1863 this 16th April 1868.

S W RANDELS chairman
DAVID KEENER
ROBERT MONGUMRY

Now, Mr. Editor, I just want to ask your opinion as to the proper and just construction of this legal document. My friend, the P. M., contends that the citizens of Sevier County are to be taxed (as in the ordinary way) to pay the General Government for losses incurred in saving itself, and what is still worse, to pay rebels for losses incurred in trying to destroy the General Government.

Well, you may feel sure that I was not satisfied with such an explanation, so I called on my spiritual adviser, who is a presiding Elder in the loyal church. He said the postmaster was mistaken—that the commissioners, who are very loyal have agreed to pay the losses incurred by the late General Government and that they only want the citizens to come out and report their losses, that they may be sworn how much to pay. Not being exactly satisfied with either explanation, I submitted the paper to Esquire Collins, who, although not a citizen of Sevier county, lives very near the line and is well acquainted with the common law of our county. The Esquire was undecided, but gave it as his opinion, that the United States was too magnanimous to ask either Sevier county or any private citizen to pay its debts. Now, Mr. Editor, we know you are a good country lawyer, will you be so kind as to give us your opinion on the above "notice," and print the same in your paper and send me a copy, care of the postmaster. I will pay you five cents the first time I go to Knoxville.

Yours,

JONATHAN JOHNS.

[We cannot undertake to explain the enactments of our sapient legislature in accordance with the principles of law. Our correspondent ought to be satisfied with the fact that his taxes have to be paid which is enough for him to know.—Eds. Press.]

SIGNIFICANT.—The New Haven, (Connecticut,) Reporter, in noticing the late election, says:

"Another significant feature of the late election, was the fact that a great majority of those who served in the late civil war promptly voted the Democratic ticket on Monday. This, we learn, was observable in many localities. 'I fought for the Union,' said a soldier, as he laid his ballot on the box, 'and I am ready to shoulder my musket again, to put down this Radical attempt to keep the States divided.'"

DON'T BELIEVE IN IT.

Under this head we find the following going the rounds which contains some hits very appropriate to this locality:

The man who "doesn't believe in advertising" is all the while doing what he deprecates. He hangs coats outside of his door, or puts dry goods in his windows—that's advertising. He sends out drummers through the country, or puts his name on his wagon—that's advertising. He has printed cards lying on his counter—that's advertising. He labels his articles or his manufactures—that's advertising. If he has lost his cow, he puts a written notice in the post office, or tells his sister-in-law—and that's advertising, too. He has his name put up in gilt letters over his door—what is that but advertising? He paints his shop green or red; or if a tailor, he wears the latest styles; if a doctor, he has his boy call him out of church in haste, if an auctioneer, he bellows to attract the attention of passers-by; if a heavy merchant, he keeps a huge pile of boxes on the side-walk in front of his store—and all this is advertising.

A man can't do business without advertising, and the question is whether to call to his aid the engine that moves the world—the printing press, with its thousands of messengers working night and day, the steam engines adding to its repeating capacity untold power and miraculous speed; or, rejecting all these, go back to the days when newspapers, telegraphs and railroads were unknown.

"But advertising costs money!" So does everything that is worth having. If advertising cost nothing all the second, third and fourth class petty shops would stand an equal chance with the most responsible house. If you want to prove to the world that yours is a first class establishment, advertise.

STRANGE HALLUCINATION.—The Press and Herald says: There is a very estimable old gentleman living within two or three miles of this city, who is ninety years of age, and who is a monomaniac on a very peculiar point. He prides himself on his clear eyesight, and is particularly deranged as to the direction of the State-house from his place; but strange to say, the direction in which he says it lies is exactly contrary to its true locality, while the distance he fixes is equally extravagant. A short time since, he offered to bet a friend from the city ten thousand dollars upon the direction and distance of the capitol, both of which he had got at with his eyes, but the friend refused to accept the wager, well knowing the infirmity of the old gentleman. A few days since, however, the aged monomaniac fell in with a less scrupulous customer, whom he also offered to bet ten thousand dollars on the distance and direction of the State-house. The man having only \$2,000, the old gentleman bet that amount with him, and, as a matter of course, lost the money, which the winner coolly pocketed, and still holds in possession. We have not the name of either of the parties to this extraordinary wager, but understand its result has caused considerable feeling among the friends of the loser.

The funeral orations pronounced over the Democratic party appear to have been premature.

"They took a plow and plowed him down, Put clouds upon his head: And then they swore a solemn oath John Barley-corn was dead."

But when the spring came gently on, And showers began to fall, John Barley-corn got up again, And so surprised them all."

Like John Barley-corn, the Democracy is up again and in better spirits than ever.

A very curious letter from S. F. Waldro, of Chicago, appears in the Southern papers on the contest between the Northern and Southern branches of the Methodist Church. He takes the ground that all Government is based on the religious ideas of those who carry it on and that the Northern Methodists have acquired by conquest the right to control the religion of the South. He holds that it is just as wrong to allow the Southern Methodists to meet and worship at all, as it would be to allow Lee and Johnston to call together and drill their armies again. He thinks they will soon be prohibited from doing so. The religion of the North is bound to rule this continent, and it proposes to "make a proper application of our Bible to all the Southern States and people." A subjugated people, he says, "have no more right to apply their own peculiar moral ideas than to use their physical implements of war." We can hardly believe the letter genuine. Yet it is going round the Southern Press. It originally appeared in the Knoxville Free Press.

A PEEP AT MR. SPURGEON'S HOME.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: We feel that it would be churlish not to give all possible publicity to the following peep into private life, which we copy from the Methodist Times:

"The domestic career of Mr. Spurgeon becomes interesting when we learn that he finds in the object of his choice one who truly sympathizes with him in all his efforts, one who is equally anxious to do good, and one who has made great sacrifices to help on the work of the Lord. Their only children—twin sons, about eleven years of age—are at the present time studying in the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, and it is the earnest prayer not only of their parents, but of thousands, that both may be the subjects of distinguishing grace; that both may be endowed with talents suitable for the Christian ministry, and that both may be made as useful as their honored father. That they have some good in their youthful hearts may be gathered from the following:

When Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon had departed last year on their summer tour, the two boys entered into conversation with each other as to how they should act with respect to the evening's devotions. After some consultation on the subject, it was finally arranged that one should read the chapter and that the other should pray. When the evening had come and the hour of prayer had arrived, they called together all connected with the house, and having read and prayed as they had planned during the day, they dismissed the servants and retired to repose. When the parents returned home and learned what had been done, with tears they embraced their little ones, and rendered praises and thanksgivings unto God."

DO THE ISRAELITES NEITHER INCREASE NOR DECREASE?—Mr. J. J. Pores recently delivered a sermon in the Jewish Synagogue in Memphis, on the Passover. It attracted considerable attention, and was highly spoken of as an intellectual effort. The Memphis Avalanche learns that of the many propositions he presented was one seeking to prove "how the Israelites were so visibly under the influences of the consequence of the dispersion, and that the divine prediction: 'and the land of your enemies shall not consume you,' and 'although in the land of your enemies, I will not destroy you,' has been and is literally fulfilled, for the number of the Israelites this day is in round figures the same as it was two thousand years ago. Is there another nation where such a phenomenon has taken place? They are not destroyed, nor do they increase." We give this synopsis extract from the sermon because it presents a proposition that will strike our readers as curious, at least.

Shakspeare says that "there's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for it," and it appears that a large portion of the superior race agree with him on this score. On every warm, sunny day the banks of our classic little stream are lined with the sable gentlemen of case, who, "having nothing else to do," precious little "to wear," and less to eat, "fish for it." That is, they procure a rod or staff of some kind, attach a cotton string to it and at the other end of "those string" a pin hook, and cast it into the stream. This herculean task performed, they crawl upon the sunny bank and resign themselves to "balmy sleep," never caring whether they get a "bite" or not, and thus our "constitutions" makers and future Congressmen rest until the falling dews arouse them.—Murfreesboro Monitor.

WHERE THE SCHOOL FUND WENT.—The Nashville Banner says: The entire cost of Brownlow's militia has, so far, been ascertained to have been \$317,000, which will, when the whole account is settled, reach \$325,000. During the time the militia was in service, and up to the first of January last, almost every cent of revenue paid into the State Treasury was used to defray its expenses. In consequence, when the January (1868) interest fell due there was no money in the Treasury with which to meet it. How the State credit was to be sustained by the prompt payment of the interest due was a question very easily answered by Brownlow and his advisers—for the "sacred" school fund, or what was left after the Radical bodies had all taken their slice, amounting to the neat little sum of \$350,000, very quickly suggested itself as a means by which the State might be relieved from so great a financial pressure. This fund or at least \$300,000 of it, was devoted to the payment of the January interest. We get this information from a reliable source.